

BECAUSE

I'm staring at a red pen
with a black cap
lying on a blue and white woven

throw rug thrown over
a small portion
of an alternately white

and black square tiled floor
above which the walls
are painted blue

and the ceiling off white
atop the bathroom
of a long skinny house

on a side street
named after an Italian poet
just two blocks off a main avenue

below some honest to god
trees the clouds
sometimes worry about because

their outskirts
get caught on sharp
branches and often rip

and around this red pen
surrounding this white
and blue woven rug

above this black and white
checkered floor
between these blue walls

below the ceiling
in the bathroom
of this railroad car house on

a side street at 10:46
of a friday morning
every little thing

simply couldn't be clearer.